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# WHAT THE DAISIES TOLD ME

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TELL me, O fading Daisies!
Drooping and dying to-day,
What spirit of quiet enfolds you,
Fading so sweetly away?

You seem not like mortals who tremble
At shadow of blight or decay;
Fearful of leaving the sunshine,
Fearful of fading away.

Methinks the peace of the Autumn,
As serenely and softly it fell,
While resting over the flowers,
Entered your hearts to dwell.

It seemed from the bending Daisies
A breath of perfume rare,
And a voice like a brook's low singing
Came on the dreamy air;

'Tis not the peace of the Autumn,
For Autumn is sad, to all;
When the fairest flowers must wither,
And the leaves in their beauty fall.

I have felt in sadness of spirit
The chilling breath of the air,
And watched the soft tints fading
From my buds unfolding fair.

Oh! drearily have I listened
To the sound, at evenfall,
Of the Autumn wind's low sobbing
Through the pale-hued poplars, tall.

But last night, when the sunset glory
Was changing into grey,
I heard a sound of music,
Now near, now far away;

And I thought it the lingering echo
Of far off vesper swells,
Till rising clearer, sweeter,
It breathed from the Lily-bells.

Then the drowsy flowers of the garden
Opened their half shut eyes,
And rustled their leaves in a murmur
Of questioning surprise.

But the Pansy, with glad thoughts glowing,
Said softly, "What joy is ours!
They are chanting a song of welcome
To the Angel of the flowers!"

Then a light of wondrous beauty
Fell over field and lawn,
Till the fading glow of sunset
Seemed fairer than flush of dawn.

And wonderingly gazing upward,
Half in joy and half in fear,
I saw the form of an Angel
In shining garments, near.

A garland of half-blown flowers
Did the Angel's brow enclose,
And I saw, as she floated nearer,
They were buds of the pure, white Rose.

Then a rapturous burst of music
From the Lily-bells arose;
And, sinking to cadence tender,
Died softly to a close.

And the Angel smiled upon us,
As she stood by the Lilies, near,
And over the listening garden
Her sweet voice sounded clear:

"I come to the earthly garden
From the fairer one above;
And I bring to each drooping flower
A message of peace and love.

"This morn the air was heavy
With the burden of your sighs;
Now, sweeter than Summer fragrance,
Let hope from your hearts arise.

"Ye bloom to unveil to earth-life
A glimpse of the life divine!
Over each opening blossom
A holy light doth shine!

"And though with the dying Summer
Your tender bloom departs,
With soothing thoughts ye enter
And live in human hearts.

"And in their lives ye shall blossom
Anew, in deeds of love;
While holier aspirations
Your ministry shall prove.

"Thus, uplifting hearts that love you
In yearnings for the pure,
For the perfect beauty beyond them,
In the life that shall endure:

"Enshrined in the souls of mortals,
Ye shall rise where none may die,
To bloom in the heavenly garden,
The garden of God, on high."

She ceased; and upon her rested
The parting smile of Day;
Then, unfolding her white wings slowly,
Singing, she soared away.

And Peace came to the flowers,
As each one in the garden tells,
When the voice of the Angel blended
With the song of the Lily-bells.

MARY HAWTHORNE FILLMORE.

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